

# DOCTOR • WHO

## A KLYTODE CHRISTMAS

PART ONE

Planet *Earth*, in the year 3781.  
London still exists, and so  
does *Oxford Street*...

...and so does  
*Christmas shopping*.

Script TREVOR BAXENDALE  
Art JOHN ROSS  
Colours ALAN CRADDOCK  
Letters PAUL VYSE

I *love* Christmas!  
I love the parties, the  
decorations, the telly,  
family get-togethers,  
all the things you have  
to *organise*... but  
most of all, I love the  
*shopping*!

London never  
changes...

Are you  
listening?

I mean, the human  
race has completely  
*re-engineered* the  
Earth's climate *twice*  
since the 21<sup>st</sup> century  
and they *still* can't  
get it to snow at  
Christmas.

Oh, stop  
*complaining*  
and help me find  
some *presents*.

Oh, look at  
*those*! Aren't they  
*fantastic*?

What d'you think?  
The vase for mum - it  
recycles its own water,  
apparently - and the  
computer game for Leo?

I'd *forget* the game.  
That thing has *more*  
*computing power* than  
the whole of NASA, the  
Pentagon and Industrial Light  
& Magic put together. Give  
that to your brother and he  
could *wipe out* the future  
of mankind by  
*Boxing Day*.

Spoilsport.

What about this  
necklace for Tish?

Martha, I'd rather  
face a *Cyberman*  
*invasion* than any  
more Christmas  
shopping - *oof!*

**Bump!**

I dunno. Shop  
dummies make  
me *nervous*...

Sorry, mate. Watch  
your back there.  
Comin' through...





Bert! Bert X-5!  
Fancy meeting you  
here - and Jimmy,  
too!

Doctor? It really *is* you!  
Great to see ya!

Yay, Doc!



"I haven't seen you two  
since that business on  
*Space Station Alpha*!  
We stopped the *Klytode*  
destroying the Earth,  
remember?" \*

\* see DWA  
26-27



How could we  
*forget*? That  
little business is  
hard-wired into my  
data core, Doc!

We were *heroes*,  
thanks to you!



Some things  
never change...

Martha - I'd like you to  
meet *Bert* and *Jimmy*,  
the finest *sanitation*  
*workers* in the solar  
system...

Bert and Jimmy  
- meet *Martha*  
*Jones*!



Hi guys.

*Enchanté,  
mademoiselle!  
Et bon Noël!*

You'll have to  
*excuse* my pal,  
Martha. He's just  
had a French  
language download  
and the *creepy*  
*twit* sub-routine was  
an *optional extra*.



Hey, Doc..., am  
I glad we've  
bumped into you.  
I need to have a  
chat. I'm *worried*  
about Jimmy.

What's up?

I think the  
old fella's  
*cracking up*.



Later...

How do you two like your tea? Earth leaves or Martian?

Earth, please.

So what's wrong, Bert? You two seem to have it made here.

We've got our own *business* now, Doc... fitting top-of-the-range sanitation systems to *government facilities*.

Still the *go-to* guys for executive toilets, eh?

That's the one. But something's *not right*. Jimmy's been acting *awful strange* lately... dizzy spells, blackouts, all kinds of stuff. At first I thought it was space sickness, or even a mid-life crisis...

"... but it all *started* when we won the contract to install sanitary facilities in the new *Ecopower Station franchise*."

"Jimmy started *wandering off*, getting lost in some of the *restricted* reactor areas. It was kinda embarrassing... and, y'know, out of character. Jimmy was always the *cautious* one. I don't know what's got into him lately."

"Last week he accidentally found his way to the *reactor control room*. Can ya believe that? We almost lost the contract on the spot!"

Ecopower?

It's taken over the world's environmental energy supplies. '*Brilliant for energy and okay for the environment*'.

Three Earth teas coming right up... Sorry, we've only got digestive biscuits. Bert mistook the Hobnobs for burnt-out data wafers and threw them in the *disintegrator*. You know what he's like.

It's an easy mistake to make. I'm a construction robot, not a confection robot.

Vreep  
vreep!





Hobnobs are my **favourites**. Your hard drive needs recalibrating.

Look, it was an honest mistake... I've said I'm sorry. I dunno, you're always **grumpy** these days.

I can't be **certain**, Martha, but judging from these readings, I'd say that Jimmy is under some form of **telekinetic mind control**...



Next morning...

Are you **sure** this is the right thing to do, Doc? Following Jimmy seems - well, like a betrayal of trust...

It's the **only way** we can find out what he's up to, Bert.



But are you **sure** this'll **work**? Security is pretty **tight**.

Whrrreeeeeeee!

Trust me, I'm the Doctor...

... and fixing the **security rating** on this robo-scan card is **easy**, if you're a **genius** with a sonic screwdriver...



Security pass **accepted**. Access all areas. **Proceed!**

Told you!



Wouldn't it have been better to find **another way** in?

I doubt it - any **forced entry** would set **alarm bells** ringing. This way we can hide in **plain view**.



STRICTLY NO ACCESS

BLIP BLIP BLIP

But, I mean... **mind control**? Are you sure?

It's the only explanation that fits. **Look** - Jimmy's going through that door. What's behind it?

I don't believe it! That leads to the **bio-reactor room**. He's at it **again!** But **no-one's** allowed in there!





No one but Jimmy - and *us*, of course...

Oh, no!

What's that?

Whrrrrrrrr  
Blip!



The Klytode!

I'm guessing this is really *bad* news...

It's part of a *gestalt being* - many different creatures sharing *one mind*. The Klytode Brethren want to turn the Earth into a *toxic wasteland*.



Doc-for! I should have *known* you would seek me out!

It wasn't *intentional*. I prefer to spend Christmas with *friends*.



You two know each other?

The Doc sent you *packing* years ago, Klytode - all the way back to the Aktren galaxy! What the heck are you doing here?



"No simple *prison* can contain a member of the *Klytode Brethren*. My robot guardians helped release me..."

"... and I planned my *vengeful return* to your pathetic planet!"



I have used my *telekinetic powers* to control this feeble-minded human - enabling me to conceal myself in this primitive *bio-reactor*, preparing for the perfect moment to *strike*...

Help me... Bert...

... and, just to be sure that *nothing* can stand in my way this time, Doctor, I have brought *reinforcements*...!



